The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

His Little Sister.

EVA WILDER MCGLASSON.

He never knew how much he loved
This oftime vexing little sister,
Until from out his work and play
His joys and tears, one day he missed her.

She was a little gladsome thing,
Brimful of joyous rippling laughter—
A butterfly upon the wing
Life's brightest sunshine seeking after.

Sometimes when he was in the mood,
He let her share his boyish pleasures.
And often rambling in the wood,
Their voices rang in gleeful measures.

And there was nothing else on earth
Of which her childish heart was fonder,
Or more replete with happy mirth,
As thus with him she loved to wander.

But oft her little fingers sent
Sad havoc into his possessions,
And then his anger found a vent
In bitterness, and harsh expressions.

Her lips would tremble with the pain
She felt, though loving, ever after
Her flooded eyes could not contain
The tears that drowned her merry laughter.

And now, if he could but recall
The slightest act of his, that pained her
How sweet a peace would on him fall—
For angels called and heaven regained her!

He grew a man; but from the day
When last with bitter tears he kissed her,
He envies those to whom kind fate
Has left to love, a little sister.

HAVE the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

An Odd Reformation.

"WHAT are we going to have for our Thanksgiving dinner, mother?"

Mrs. Rook wrung out the garment she had been washing, and gave it a reflective shake before she replied,

"We've got good bread, Teddy."

"Bread! as if that was enough for Thanksgiving!"

"It's enough to give thanks for, my boy, for there's such a thing as not having even that."

"But is that all, mother?"

"All we can count on, except a very little tea. If I was sure of my pay for the wash, or if your father—" she finished the sentence with a sigh.

"Can't count any on him," said the boy, bitterly, as he shouldered his blacking-box, and started in search of employers.

His mother's eyes followed him sadly.

"Teddy is a good boy," she reflected, "but he can't respect his father, and what wonder?—with the drink taking every penny of his earnings, and sometimes Ted's and mine when he can get at them. O how different it was once! and would be now, but for the drink!" and the poor woman leaned her head on the wash-board, while big tears splashed into the steaming soap-suds.

"Halloa!"

Ted wheeled around, and saw a gentleman seated in an open barouche, who beckoned to him.

"Do you know the way to Spring Common, and how far it is?"

"I do, sir, and it is a matter of a mile and a half."

"If you will go with me, and show me the

way, I will give you a half-dollar. Here, hop in," he added, seeing Ted's answer in the sudden glow of his boyish face.

"I'm obliged, sir, but can't I walk at the side, or may be hang on behind?"

"No, in with you!"

And for the first time in his life Ted found himself on the velvet cushion of a real carriage. He sat gingerly on the edge of the seat. The gentleman smiled, and playfully pushed him backward, and he sank into the luxurious depths, wisely concluding to enjoy the pleasure while it lasted.

Arrived at their destination, he received the bright new half-dollar, and as he turned to go back, his little heart swelled with a thanksgiving unknown to the pampered child of luxury.

Spring Common was on the outskirts of the city, and the way lay along the bank of a small stream of water tributary to a much larger one. The water was very low, and he saw something gleaming among the stones, darting hither and thither. At first he thought it was a snake, but soon discovered it was an eel—a fine fellow, struggling hard to get back into the deeper water.

Ted saw an old boot a little distance away, and quickly procuring it, he placed it directly over the squirming creature, and it wriggled itself conveniently inside, and was scooped up without any trouble. The boot was half filled with water, and luckily it did not leak. After a few vigorous darts upward, the eel settled quietly in the bottom, and ed, shutting the boot-top together sufficiently to prevent its escape, started again proudly for home.

"Who couldn't catch an eel?" he said, exultingly, to himself. "Why, he just stepped right in like a real gentleman. First time he ever had a boot on, and put it on himself, ha! ha! I'm in luck to-day. Eels ain't any harder to catch than half-dollars, and the two together will get us up a splendid Thanksgiving dinner."

"Did you get your pay, mother?" he asked, as she returned from taking home the clothes she had washed, and found him in the room of the tenement house they occupied and called home,

"No, Mrs. Burford hadn't—"

She was interrupted by the ring of a half-dollar in her lap.

"Why, where did you get it?" she exclaimed, her careworn face lighting up with a pleased smile.

Ted gave an account of his afternoon adventures, and then enlarged the opening in the top of the boot as much as he dared, to display the slippery prisoner.

"It don't look much like a turkey," he said apologetically, "but will taste just as good, I think, and we can make believe it is one."

His mother peeped in, and was satisfied with a glimpse of the shining back, and Ted's assurance that he was an uncommon big one. They placed the boot carefully in one corner of the room, with a handkerchief thrown over it so as not to exclude the air."

"We'll dress it in the morning," his mother had said, and tender-hearted Ted had no desire to hurry this necessary preliminary.

"We may as well eat our suppers, and then go to bed. It's hard telling when your father will be here. See, I have made the tea, we need not save it for to-morrow."

John Rook stumbled into his miserable home about midnight. His wife had saved him some bread and tea, and she arose and prepared this frugal repast. Seeing that he was just sufficiently intoxicated to make him surly, and thankful it was no worse, she got him to bed as quickly and quietly as possible. Accustomed to a drunken husband and weary from her hard day's labor, she soon fell asleep again; but John Rook could not sleep. He remembered it was the night before Thanksgiving, and anniversaries always brought back the happy past in glaring contrast to the miserable present.

"I haven't had drink enough," he said to himself, as he tossed about on his straw pallet. "Thought I would save a little for Thanksgiving to please the old woman and the boy. What nonsense! Let them please themselves, and I'll do the same. I'll go yet to one of the 'peep-o'-day' houses and get a drink of 'thistle dew.' Nothing like it to settle the nerves."

He arose quietly and began dressing himself, but could not find one of his boots. Seeing the one standing in the corner—for he had lighted a candle—he supposed it to be the one he had mislaid.

He jerked off the handkerchief, and quickly slipped his foot into the boot without a stocking. The water splashing out, it came in contact with the cold slippery body of the eel!

"What in mercy's this?" he exclaimed, withdrawing his foot, and turning the boot upside down, out dropped the squirming creature, which

in the dim light of the tallow dip resembled a writhing serpent!

"Snakes in my boots! They've come at last! the jim-jams! O, O, O!" He fell groveling to the floor. The eel wriggling around him, drew its slimy length over his hand. He uttered a piercing shriek, sprang to his feet, and rushed from the house just as his wife and son were aroused by the noise.

"Let me in, let me in!" he screamed, pounding at the door of what he supposed was the "peep-o'-day house." In his blind terror he did not notice that it was a door leading into the parlors of the "Young Men's Christian Association."

It was nearly dawn, and the janitor had arisen, and upon opening the door was shocked to see a wild, wretched-looking man fall headlong into the vestibule.

"Give me a dram—thistle dew—quick. Why was the door locked? Where is the bar-keeper?" he muttered, in broken sentences, and then with a groan he fainted.

The janitor cared for him as best he could, and when the noble young men who frequented the parlors began to gather in they took entire charge of the poor, half-dead inebriate. He lay for weeks in a low fever, but proper food and medicine restored his health; and when at last he signed the pledge, though his hand was weak and trembling, the Spirit that guided was strong enough to keep him true ever after.—*S. S. Advocate.*

Mary Lyon.

The last instruction which Mary Lyon ever gave to her scholars at Mount Holyoke contained this characteristic sentence: "There is nothing in the universe tbat I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fear to do it." To her pupils she was wont to say: "When you choose your field of labor, go where no one else is willing to go."

THE time of day is announced every day at Woolwich, England, at 1 A. M. and 9.30 P. M., by firing off a blank charge of powder from a nine-pounder bronze gun. Notwithstanding this fact, a courageous little sparrow has made her nest in one of the boxes of the carriage on which the gun rests, and has hatched out five little sparrows.

A SELFISH child is always unhappy.

A Swearer Silenced.

When the Boston train came steaming into the depot, the crowd rushed for seats. As a band of recruits mounted the platform, they shouted back to their friends who had accompanied them to the train the various slang phrases they could could command, interspersed with an oath now and then. As the train moved on, they pushed each other into the car where many ladies were seated, including Mrs. B. and her two boys.

Then the oaths came out thick and fast, each one trying to outdo the other in profanity. Mrs. B. shuddered for herself and her boys, for she could not bear to have their young minds contaminated with such language. If the train had not been so crowded, she would have looked for seats elsewhere; but under the circumstances, she was compelled to remain where she was.

Finally, after the coarse jesting had continued nearly an hour, a little girl, who with her mother sat in front of the party, stepped out timidly from her seat, and going up to the ring-leader of the group, a young man whose countenance indicated considerable intelligence, she presented him with a small Bible.

She was a little, delicate-looking creature, only seven or eight years old; and as she laid the book in his hands, she raised her eyes appealingly to his, but without a word went back to her seat.

The party could not have been more completely hushed if an angel had silenced them. Not another oath was heard, and scarcely a word was spoken by any of them during the rest of the journey.

The young man who had received the book seemed particularly impressed. He got out of the car at the next station, and purchased a paper of candy for his little friend, which he presented to her. He then stooped down and kissed her, and said he would always keep the little Bible for her sake.

The little girl's mother afterward told Mrs. B. that her child had been so troubled by the wickedness of those young men that she could not rest until she had given her little Bible, which she valued so highly herself.—*Sel.*

A LITTLE sick boy was told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder! powder!" said he. "Mother, I ain't a gun!

SEEING is believing.

For the Myrtle.

Lulu's Wisdom.

My mother and my father
And my Aunt and Uncle Wit
Have all gone to the city
And they've taken Brother Kit.

And now I've got nobody
Left at home to play with me.
And of course I'm very lonely
As any child would be.

My Brother Kit is always
Of fun and frolic full,
And not a soul about him
Can be dumpy, dry, or dull.

And so I'm very sorry
If he ever goes away,
And I always feel like crying
Just as I cried to-day.

But nurse she brought an orange
And a lovely piece of cake,
And these mended up my feelings
When my heart was like to break.

For I've learned, though I'm so little
That in this world, it's wit,
To take comfort with your orange
When you *can't* have Brother Kit.

E. M. B.

Getting Square.

There are many people who, when injured or wronged by others, propose to "get square with them" by some method of retaliation. The wisdom of this course does not seem apparent. I may get square with a mean man by making myself as mean as he is. I may get square with a dishonest man, by myself becoming dishonest. By this method we have two wrongs instead of one; and two wrongs neither of which is likely to make a right. It does not profit us to get square with those who have abused us or misused us. Why need we descend to their level? "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

A VERY young child, whose kind and pious mother had early taught him the being and power of God, was asked, "How many gods are there?" "One," said the little boy. "How do you know that?" inquired his sister. "Because," replied he, "there is no room for any more, for *He fills everywhere.*"

To kill time is to injure eternity.

For the Myrtle.

The Good Shepherd.

IN the Eastern Countries the shepherds took their flocks to the green pastures by going before them, and calling them. Every sheep had its name, and knew when it was called, and gladly followed the voice of its leader.

It was because of this loving relation between the shepherds and their flocks, that Christ was called the good shepherd. Christ himself used this figure, when he gave the parable which we find in the tenth chapter of St. John.

You will all be interested to get your Bibles, and read this parable, and try to learn the meaning of the loving words of our Savior "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." E. M. B.

SYDNEY SMITH said: "I wish I could sew. I believe one reason why women are so much more cheerful, generally, than men, is because they can work, and vary more their employments."

A Marked Youth.

Years ago there lived in the interior of New York a boy, the son of a farmer, who also worked at the trade of a potter. The boy was a marked youth, because he would do with might whatever he undertook. He was a leader in the ordinary sports of boyhood, and whenever the farm or the pottery relaxed their hold upon him, he would be found repairing some damaged article, or devising a new implement.

His father was poor; the farm was small and could only be enlarged by clearing up the primeval forest. The boy was anxious to acquire knowledge, but his services were so necessary to his father that he could not be spared to attend the winter term of the common school.

But the boy was in earnest. With the aid of his brother, one year his junior, he chopped and cleared four acres of birch and maple woodland, ploughed it, planted it with corn, harvested the crops, and then asked as his compensation, to be allowed to attend school during the winter. Of course the father granted his wish.

When the boy was seventeen the father's pottery business had so increased as to demand a more extensive factory. A carpenter was hired to build the new building, and the boy assisted him.

So familiar did he become with the tools and the trade that he determined, with the aid of the younger brother, to erect a two-story frame dwelling-house for his father's family.

The two boys cut the timber from the forest, planned and framed the structure, and then invited the neighbors to assist at the "raising." They came from far and near to see what a lad of seventeen had done. When every mortise and tenon was formed to fit its place, and the frame was seen to stand perfect and secure, the veterans cheered the young architect and builder. From that day he was in demand as a master-carpenter.

The boy was Ezra Cornell, the founder of Cornell University.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before obscure men."

The meaning of this old proverb is that the man who has done well in little things shall be advanced so that he shall not waste himself on work to which obscure men are adequate. Ezra Cornell illustrated the truth of the Oriental saying.—*Youth's Companion.*

Be Reverent.

Prince Bismarck, when a boy, was rebuked by his father for speaking of the king as "Fritz."

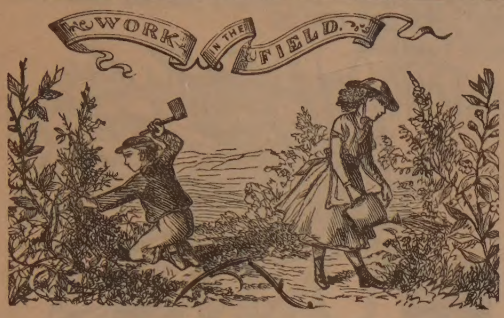
"Learn to speak reverently of his majesty," said the old squire of Vargin, "und you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration."

Young Bismarck laid the advice to heart; and to this day the great chancellor always lowers his tone and assumes a grave, worshipful look when he alludes to the kaiser. If a message is brought to him from the emperor by word of mouth or in writing, he stands up to receive it.

Bismarck's father was right about the principle of reverence and its cultivation. The man who indulges in irreverent speech about sacred things will soon show a serious loss of right feeling; while on the other hand, there is great power in habits of reverence that seem to be only forms. It would be well for all to treat age and greatness and sacred things with the venerating respect which marks Bismarck's relations with his earthly sovereign. The young should learn to venerate parents, men consecrated to sacred offices, old age, faithful magistrates, and the gospel and its precepts. And Addison says, "We find a sacred awe and venerati n for one who moves about us in a regular and illustrious course of virtue." Veneration, therefore, is respect mingled with some degree of awe, a feeling of sentiment excited by the dignity and superiority of a person, and by the sacredness of place or character. —*Sel.*

It may be that ome of our boys think of being merchants some day. If so, let them resolve to do business as honestly as Christ desires them to, and to do it for his sake, because it is right. Deal only in honest and useful goods. Never deceive as to quality. Seek only just profits. Do not try to make money fast. If you haste to be rich, you will not be innocent: somebody will be wronged. Deal justly and honestly, even if you should lose at times. Ruskin says that "sixpences have to be lost under a sense of duty, that the market may have its martyrdoms as well as the pulpit, and trade its heroisms as well as war."

Repentance without faith is not repentance, but despair, like a ship all ballast and no sail, which sinketh of her own weight.



Sermon.

And be at peace among yourselves.—1 *Thess* v. 13.

"We had an excellent sermon to-day which I am sure will have its effect upon the people who heard it." said Andrew.

"An immediate effect, do you mean, Andrew?"

"Yes it seems to me it must have an immediate effect. It certainly did have an effect upon me, for I have not been feeling very kindly toward Walter Snell of late, and I don't think I was aware how far this anger had crept into my heart, or how wrong it was for me to permit it to remain there.

I don't think that I meant to be wicked in indulging this wrong feeling.

It had been brought there, by some little difference that we had at school, and Walter had done nothing to appease my wrath, and so it had been growing with the weeks, until I think that I was really getting to hating Walter badly.

But our Minister when he had shown us how wrong it was for any one to cherish anger against another, taught us how beautiful it would be if we would all be at peace among ourselves; and his words seemed to come home to me very closely.

He asked every one in the congregation, to try and think whether they had themselves any anger in their hearts which they ought to put away, and besought us if we had, to begin at once, and do what Christians ought to do. Then he told us this story about the effect of his friends sermons who was preaching in Western Virginia. It was a region of small reputation for sobriety and godliness.

So far from "following peace," and copying the mind of the Master, many of the professed Christians were not on speaking terms with each other.

The minister was a stranger, and knew nothing of these personal differences, but his theme on this occasion was, "The duty of a forgivlng spirit." He was faithful, speaking the truth in love, He showed them how necessary it was, if they wanted the blessing from heaven, that all old hostilities should be swept away, and that they should have united hearts. He pictured what the certain effect would be if they yielded up every selfish feeling for Christ's sake and for the one wish that he might come to them; and he told such apt instances to prove it, and pleaded with such moving words, that his congregation listened with evident emotion.

Suddenly, a woman past middle life rose from her seat, crossed the audience-room directly in front of the minister, and gave her hand to another woman, who grasped it, and burst into tears.

"God bless you!" she sobbed. "We are too old to quarrel any more."

That ended the sermon. The application had begun sooner than the preacher expected. A wave of audible feeling passed through the assembly that was like the sound of wings. Many who themselves had sins of resentment and unkindness to repent of, looked on and trembled, and some of them wept.

One stern-faced elder reached his arm over three benches and said in a broken voice, "Neighbor Aiken, here's my hand"—and a feud of years' standing was settled forever. Then another, a gray-haired man, made his way to a distant part of the house, where sat his old enemy, with face already bathed in tears. He returned the greeting with eager joy. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I have long been wishing for just this—just this!"

Unworthy worshipers who had come to the house of prayer with hearts and minds at variance, parted with acts of forgiveness and affection.

A great reformation began in the community, and over all that once wicked neighborhood there came a change that honored God's grace and made the people glad.

Our Sunday Schools.

NEW YORK.

Again a church has grown from a Sunday school. Our friends in Albany having to surrender their church a few years ago secured a hall and carried there a small remnant of the Sunday school. There this small determined band of workers have persevered in this work and now a church has been again organized and $700 subscribed toward a church building.

The Sunday school at Syracuse has increased of late. There are fifty additional members.

CONNECTICUT.

The Society at Long Ridge cherish their Sunday school and keep up its regular sessions year in and year out.

ILLINOIS.

At Peoria the Sunday school-room has been thoroughly renovated, walls decorated, floor carpeted, windows richly draped, and a new platform and reading desk.

Under the superintendence of Mrs. Snyder the lately organized Sunday school at Lafayette is doing good work.

The school at Litchfield sends a cheerful word. The school is growing and they are full of hope.

ALABAMA.

Rev. D. B. Clayton recently visiting Camp Hill found there a flourishing Sunday school. Also at Red Hill he found a very prosperous school.

WISCONSIN.

The attendance at the Sunday school in La Crosse gradually increases.

NEBBASKA.

The Sunday school at Lincoln has a membership of fifty, and is growing.

INDIANA.

Hunterstown reports an interesting Sunday school.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

215.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 48 letters.
My 1, 14, 46, 22 is a part of a house.
My 5, 29, 4, 45 is not low.
My 16, 15, 13 is a domestic animal.
My 27, 37, 23, 31, 43, 8 is a parent.
My 24, 32, 11, 3 is a pronoun.
My 17, 18, 36, 48 is a command.
My 47, 7, 40 is to permit.
My 30, 41, 10, 42 is a pronoun.
My 34, 25, 26 is a pronoun.
My 19, 21, 44 is to cut.
My 35, 39, 2, 22, 6 is part of the body.
My 12, 21, 46, 30 is part of the body.
My 28, 38, 33 is a girl's name.
My 9, 48, 28, 22 is a wild animal.
My 20, 47, 26 is an insect.
My whole is a saying of Christ to a woman.

Harry B. Andrew.

216.—ANAGRAM.

Caepe eb nithiw yth sallw dan ityerpsrop niwhti yth selacap. *Mamie Slayton.*

217.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 9, 8, 1 is not to stand.
My 2, 14, 18, 3 is not absent.
My 19, 5, 4, 4 is what children play with.
My 10, 11 is a possessive pronoun.
My 12, 13, 17, 15, 16, 3, 6, 7 is a tender of sheep.

Lou and Trudy.

218.—ANAGRAM.

Ti si a dogo hitgn ot vige hantks ntuo het doLr, dan ot gins raipsse tuon hyt maen O tosm igHh !

Frank Clark.

219.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of 38 letters.
My 1, 12, 31, 38, 34, 18, 12 is a near relation.
My 2, 19, 36, 8 is the opposite of good.
My 13, 14, 32, 38 is opposite of hard.
My 3, 11, 25, 35 is a duration of time.
My 5, 7, 28, 12, 22 is a girl's name.
My 37, 29, 30 is a boy's nick-name.
My 15, 6, 4 is an enemy.
My 33, 9, 10 is an animal.
My 26, 24, 21, 20 is to cover inside.
My 16, 17, 23, 27 is a dish of food.
My whole is in Ist Corinthians. *Mamie Slayton.*

CONUNDRUMS.

"What is the worst side of naval warfare?" asked a school-teacher. "The broadside," replied the boy in the back seat. He went up head.

210.—ENIGMA.

When the cat is away the mice will play.

211.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

What time I am afraid I will trust in thee.

212.—ENIGMA.

The rich ruleth over the poor.

213.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

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A B E
I N U R E
A B U S I V E
A R I S E
A V E
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214.—ENIGMA.

Sing aloud unto God our strength.

OUR HARVESTERS.

Alice Williams, 1 ; Carrie L Brook, 3 ; Henry Lyon, 3.

Our dear MYRTLE children we trust will find more time to work in tha Harvest Field now that the Holidays are past.

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